

in the big fight had been defeat and which was victory. "Rollo! Rollo! Rollo!" he had cried, and cried it as a curse. "Rollo! Rollo! Rollo!" now beat in his brain and in his grinding fingers and was pulse of the old protection throbbing for his friend that ever had been more than brother to him.

"Percival, you are killing him!" — Ima's fingers were on his, pulling his grip.

"Keep away! keep away!" he cried. "I'll have his life if need be!" and to Hunt, livid and at last gasp: "You damned devil! You damned devil! What are you going to promise me? How am I going to bind you? What am I going to do with you?"

There came gaspingly: "Promise — promise — oath to it."

He relaxed his fingers, and as Hunt drew gasping breaths, "You damned devil!" he cried again. "You damned fool. Did you not hear talk of proofs? Nothing in them! Nothing in them! Can you hear that?"

He was thrown on his side, he was grappled with by one whom fear of death gave strength, his clutch was eluded and Hunt sprang free.

"Nothing in them! What's your murder fingers for, then? Nothing in them — what you say 'Mother' for, then? Nothing in them — what — keep away! Keep off of me!" He whipped from his pocket what had gleamed in his hand. "Keep off of me! I'll fire. By God, I'll let you have it if you come at me!"

An' come at him, an' come at him, an' come at him, as of Percival in the fight the old men say.

Quick and straight as he had leapt at Pinsent, now quick and straight he leapt at Hunt. Quick and straight then to win victory, now quick and straight in victory

already gained. Quick and straight he leapt; quicker the pistol spoke; without reel or stumble he pitched to earth.

There came a scream of hideous sound from Hunt, and screaming still he turned and fled, screaming was answered by a shout, and screaming ran to the hold of tall men come out of the night in his pursuit and close, yet very late, before he screamed.

From Ima no cry nor sound. She cast herself beside the figure that lay there, looked in its face and had no need for word or question; pressed her lips to his and then cried only, "Little master! ah, ah, Percival!"

She threw herself full length upon him where full length he lay. With her body she shielded him from the immense rain, with her arms enfolded him, put her mouth to his.

So she lay scarcely breathing; so she held him — hers, her own.

There is a hill that stands in a chain of hills where the west country stands towards the sea. A river streams below in a great mouth that opens to sea and a wide flood that winds along the vale. No more than a wide ribbon it looks from the hill, and the sea no more than the sky's reflection. Here on a day the van stood, the horse tethered, and Japhra with his pipe watching the remote valley. He turned his eyes to Ima, knew the thoughts that had her, and touched her where she sat beside him on the steps. All was known to them in these days and he spoke of it. "My daughter, art thou still questioning it? Why, this was the happy ending such as none could make it. How had he endured to live and overthrow his friend? How live in silence and carry those hot embers in his breast? Nay, nay, the fight came to

him — that heart of ours — and he took up the prize. A fighter I marked him when a child he came to us. A fighter I knew him and a winner alway. Mark me what I told thee once when he lay with us: Though it be death, always victory. My daughter, what more happiness is there?"

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